

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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## Jamie's Croquet Set.

BY HELEN WARD BANKS.



JAMIE clung close to the gate-post while Nelly carried into the big house the clothes their mother had washed for Mrs. Marston. Nelly was gone a long time, while Mrs. Marston counted up how much money she owed her.

There were some young people on the grass playing a game Jamie had never seen. There were iron wickets set up in rows and two girls and a young man with wooden mallets were knocking wooden balls through the wickets.

Jamie stood first on one foot and then on the other while he watched them. He counted the wickets with his quick eyes and saw the way they were set and the order in which the balls went through them.

"I could hit straighter than that chap does, I know," said Jamie to himself.

And then Nelly came.

"What were those people doing?" Jamie asked as he ran home by her side.

"They were playing croquet."

"I wish I had a game like that. I'd play with Susie."

"You're not likely to," answered Nelly, rather shortly. "We're poor, and such things cost money. I'd like to play croquet myself, but games aren't for poor folks. Mother has enough to do to keep us fed and clothes on our backs."

"Games are fun," answered Jamie, "and poor folks can have fun, can't they?"

"Not much," said Nelly.

"I'm going to, anyhow," declared Jamie, cheerfully. "If mother can't buy me croquet, I'll make some. I'm going to play it."

"A little boy like you can't make a croquet set," laughed Nelly.

"I'll do the best I can, anyway," said Jamie.

"I'll say for you, you always do that," agreed Nelly.

When they got home Jamie sat down on the side steps to think; his elbows were on his knees and his chin in his hands. There was a nice level stretch of grass under the apple trees before him. But there was no croquet set.

Susie came around the corner of the house. "What are you doing?" she asked.

"Thinking. I saw some people playing croquet. It was fun. If we had a set, you and I could play."

"I wish we had," said Susie, picking up a hard green apple.

"You mustn't eat that," said Jamie, and took it from her. Then he had a sudden thought. "Maybe we could use the apples for balls," he said eagerly. "And the hammer would do for a mallet," he went on. "We could take turns with it. But I haven't any iron for wickets."

"Why can't they be wood?" asked Susie.

"You can't bend wood," answered Jamie.

"Do they have to be bent?" asked Susie again.

"Let me think," said Jamie. "Theirs were. But I don't know why they have to have tops. We could do with bits of stick. You rake the apples off the grass, Susie, and I'll cut the sticks."

He was ready before Susie and helped her clear away the apples. Then he drove a tall stake at each end of his croquet ground and stretched a long string tight between the two stakes. To make his wickets, he drove his bits of wood down in the proper places; two at a time, about six inches apart, one on each side of the string, making little gates for the balls to roll through. He remembered pretty well how the wickets had been placed.



"I could hit straighter than that chap does, I know," said Jamie to himself.

"There was first a stake, then five wickets down the middle, and another stake," he said. "We'll measure them out. The two wickets near the stakes were close together, but the middle one was farther away. There were two on each side, very far apart."

The children measured and worked until, at last, there lay their croquet ground. The stakes were not painted and the wickets had no tops, but it was a croquet ground.

"The real balls were painted different colors," said Jamie; "but you can take a red apple and I'll take a green one, and we can tell them apart."

They played all that afternoon and the next morning. When they knocked one ball to pieces, they got another. The balls did not roll very straight and the stooping to strike them with the hammer made the children's backs ache a bit. But it was fun.

They were in the middle of a game when Mrs. Marston's car whizzed up and stopped. The chauffeur jumped out to carry a basket

of laundry into the house. Mrs. Marston sat still in the car and watched the children.

"What are they doing?" she asked Nelly, who came to the door.

"Jamie saw your children playing croquet, Mrs. Marston," Nelly answered, "and he wouldn't rest till he had a set. I didn't think he could manage it, but Jamie's a great one for making the best out of what he has."

"It isn't very good," smiled Jamie, "but it's fun."

"You are certainly ingenious," said Mrs. Marston. "I'll send for the clothes on Friday, Nelly."

Then the chauffeur came out and the big car drove away.

On Friday about five the chauffeur came after the clothes. He smiled at Jamie as he took a long wooden box from the car and put it on the grass.

"Mrs. Marston says this is for the boy who makes the best of what he has," he said.

Jamie opened the box. There inside lay two polished stakes painted in gay rings; eight mallets and eight balls, each with its gay rings of color; and nine white wickets. While the chauffeur waited for the clothes he helped Jamie set the wickets and the stakes in quite their proper places. Then he took his basket and drove away.

For a moment Jamie stood looking at his new game, his face one broad smile. Then he burst into the house.

"Come on, Nelly," he called. "Come on, Susie. And you come, too, mother. Let's all play croquet."

"I can't break my back stooping," said mother.

"But just look!" cried Jamie.

They went to the door and looked. Jamie hopped about on one foot and laughed at their amazement, until Nelly suddenly picked him up in her arms and kissed him. He didn't like being kissed, and wriggled free.

"We will play croquet," said Nelly, "and we'll learn how to have more good times, too. If Jamie can make the best out of what he has, so can the rest of us."

## A Vagabond Song.

THERE is something in the Autumn that is native to my blood—  
Touch of manner, hint of mood;  
And my heart is like a rhyme,  
With the yellow and the purple and the  
crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry  
Of bugles going by.  
And my lonely spirit thrills  
To see the frosty asters like smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the Gypsy blood astir;  
We must rise and follow her,  
When from every hill of flame  
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

BLISS CARMAN.



## The Peddler that came to Glumville.

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD.

THERE was once a place called Glumville,—

Such a dreary little town!—  
Where every face was puckered up,  
And every mouth turned down;

Where every one was fussing  
Over everything they saw;  
Their clothes, the place, the people,  
Not a thing but had a flaw.

Not a person was contented,  
Not a single face was bright.  
The trouble was they all wore specs  
That turned things black as night.

One day the gayest little man  
Came skipping down the street,  
A-calling, "Change your spectacles  
For new ones fine and neat.

"I, too, was glum and gloomy once,  
I fussed and fretted, too,  
Until I bought some rosy specs  
And saw the world anew.

"Most rosy-colored spectacles,"  
I heard that peddler say,  
"Work only on the future,  
Or the things of yesterday.

"But here I've got a wondrous kind  
That turns to glowing rose  
The things that lie on every side  
Beneath one's very nose.

"Come try them on!" The wise ones did,  
And laughed out with delight,  
And cried, "Why, what a jolly world,  
When once you see it right!"

"What lovely people!" "Pretty clothes!"  
"Such sunshine and such air!"  
"I'm sure there's not a place on earth  
With Glumville to compare!"

When all had bought, the peddler turned  
His merry face toward me—  
"'Tis Happyville, where'er they wear  
My brand of specs!" laughed he.

## Not to Blame.

BU EULETA WADSWORTH.

BUCK was a half-grown cottontail rabbit who felt every day less and less in need of his mother's advice. For instance, when she requested him not to run about the woods in company with a reckless young fellow from the other side of the swamp, he insisted that his friend, Bouncer, was all right and that he couldn't hurt his feelings by shunning his company.

So one fine morning on his way to the clover patch for breakfast, he stopped in the wood beside a young birch tree to stand on his hind legs and rub the smooth white bark with his chin, that Bouncer might know he had passed that way on his way to the field. Presently, he knew Bouncer would hop past, get the scent, and, understanding Buck's signal, meet him in the clover. He reached his chin up just as high as he could and, pushing it pretty hard against the tree,—for it felt good to scratch a little on the bark,—he drew it downward. Suddenly his black eyes

grew big with surprise and pain. He jerked back and looked angrily at the trunk. Something had raked a deep cut in his chin.

"Well, that beats me!" he exclaimed hotly. "If I find the bug that stung me just now, I'll fix him."

But no bug had stung him: it was a sharp-headed nail which had been driven into the tree by campers. And after a moment, when his anger had cooled, Buck discovered it.

"Just like stupid campers," he fumed. "They're always driving nails into our trees and setting fire to our woods." Then he saw that his chin was bleeding and had already made streaks and stains on his shirt-front, and he began to wonder what his mother would say.

"Well, I'm not to blame, anyhow," he whimpered as he hopped away toward the clover patch; "it's not my fault that those old campers drove a nail in that tree."

Before he reached the clover, Bouncer had got his signal from the birch tree and overtaken him.

"Let's go over to Farmer Pelt's cabbage patch and have a feast," he proposed. "I'm hungry. No self-respecting rabbit would have gone out in that rainstorm last night to feed."

"That's too far," objected Buck, "and we might get into trouble."

"Trouble nothing! The coyotes and the bobcats are all asleep; and hawks won't bother us, we're too big."

Buck hung back; but, after a few more arguments, they set off toward Madroña Basin, a low shaded lonely place which they had to cross to reach Farmer Pelt's cabbages. They were only about halfway across it when their alert sensitive ears caught a stealthy stirring in the brush as if some night prowler had been awakened from his daytime nap by the sound of their feet as they hopped over the wet leaves. They laid back their ears in order to hear the slightest sound from behind and quickened their easy hops to long, rapid bounds.

Buck kept hearing faint crackles behind, but was too terrified to look back until they came to a rise in the ground; and then just as they leaped over he took a quick glance. His first impulse of course was to crouch down in some place and remain perfectly motionless, but the terrible coyote he saw tracking them so silently and swiftly was too near. Frantically he bounded with all his speed in great leaps to the right and made for a clean, straight run until he could get out of sight long enough to double in his tracks and try to fool the sharp coyote. He never once thought of Bouncer; he didn't know whether he was following his lead or had sped in another direction.

At last the faint footfalls behind him ceased; and, on venturing to look around again, he saw he had outdistanced the coyote for a moment, at least. So he darted behind some bushes and lay very still until he heard the coyote pass by; then before the coyote could locate the scent again, Buck was speeding in the direction from which he had just come and was making a trail of curlicues that he hoped would throw the coyote entirely off the track. For a long time he heard no dangerous sounds, and his heart was beginning to ease up its furious beating when he heard a sharp crackling in the underbrush. It was nothing but a ground-squirrel, but Buck became so terror-stricken that he rushed blindly ahead and, coming suddenly to the bank of a creek, plunged in.

The water was swift; and, as rabbits seldom

take to the water, Buck did not understand how to steer in such a current and was carried quickly downstream. He managed to keep his head above water, however, and the current landed him in the smooth water of a beaver pond. There he scrambled out upon a log and sat trembling from cold and fright.

"What's the trouble?" asked a beaver, suddenly appearing from under the log.

Buck was so startled he almost fell into the water again; then, seeing it was only a peaceful old beaver, he answered: "Trouble? Why, I've just had one lot of it all day. And it wasn't my fault either, I wasn't to blame."

"What happened?" inquired the beaver, climbing up on the log.

"Well," said Buck, "I'll tell you all about it from the first." And he did. And, when he had finished relating his unfortunate adventures, the beaver cleared his throat and said in a kindly voice:

"Now, young friend, I don't want to seem harsh; but it seems to me that you are to blame for everything which happened."

"Why!" exclaimed Buck, staring at the beaver in surprise, "how can you say such a thing?"

"Because," answered the beaver, "don't you see, if you hadn't disregarded your mother's wish and stopped to leave a message for Bouncer, you wouldn't have cut your chin. And again, it was because you were in Bouncer's company that you were chased by a hungry coyote. You wouldn't have been in any danger if you had been in your own clover patch. I can see that you were to blame for all your trouble as plainly as I can see your long ears or my flat tail."

Buck hung his head, his mouth worked, but he didn't say anything, and his long ears drooped in shame.

"Isn't it so?" asked the beaver.

"I'm afraid it is," admitted Buck after a minute. "I never thought of it that way before." He got up and shook himself. "I guess I'll be going home. Mother will wonder where I am all this time. I hope that coyote has gone back to Madroña Basin."

"Oh, he's finishing his nap by this time," assured the beaver. "And next time you feel in hard luck, young friend, come back; and we'll sit on this log and sift the facts right down until we find exactly where the trouble lies."

"Thank you," said Buck. "Good-by." And he slid into the water and in a few moments was bounding through the woods on his way home.

## A Handsome Apology.

NED and his grandmother are the best of friends, but sometimes the little boy's tongue is too quick to please the old lady. Then Ned apologizes, after a fashion of his own, which his grandmother approves.

"I got tired lugging that wheelbarrow for grandmother when she was changing her plants," Ned said to his mother, recounting the day's events at bedtime, "and I said, 'I wish there wasn't another speck of this hateful dirt in all the world!' But then afterward I 'pologized."

"I'm glad of that," said his mother. "Did you tell her you were sorry?"

"No, that's not the kind grandmother likes best," said Ned. "I got another wheelbarrowful, and I just said, 'Don't you want some more of this nice dirt, grandmother?' And then we were all right again."

*Youth's Companion.*



## My Happening Days.

BY VLYN JOHNSON.

THERE come to me some days that seem  
Just like a really, truly dream,  
When things all happen thick and fast,  
Until you wonder how they last.  
I call such days "My Happening Days,"  
Although they have quite different ways.

Like yesterday when everything  
Just made me want to skip and sing  
(I always know it right away  
When it's to be a "Happening Day"),  
Right from the start and all day through,  
The loveliest things kept coming true.

Still "Happening Days" are sometimes bad—  
That one last week just made me mad!  
I was as cross as cross could be,  
For everything was blamed on me.  
'Twas like a nightmare, mother said,  
And so she sent me off to bed!

But since most "Happening Days" are fun,  
I shouldn't mind perhaps when one  
Goes wrong, and then is blamed on me,  
For lately I've begun to see  
When I behave just as I should  
My "Happening Days" are always good.

## The Little Brown Bud that Blossomed.

BY FAYE N. MERRIMAN.

I DON'T like her at all and I wish she  
had stayed home," Evelyn whispered  
resentfully as she flew into her mother's  
room.

"Why, what's the matter with Dotty?"  
Mrs. Burton asked in surprise.

"She won't talk to me—she's just hateful," Evelyn said, "and she's homely and she's everything! I just don't like her a bit."

"I don't think that's a very nice way to talk about your cousin that you've never seen before," her mother said.

"I wish I'd never seen her now," Evelyn declared; "I wish her father had never sent her here."

"But he had to,—Dotty has no mother and when the housekeeper died he had no place to send her but here. He couldn't get any one else to come out on his ranch and take care of her. I thought she would be a good companion for you."

Evelyn pouted. "She's so queer looking and her dresses are so funny," she said. "Mother, do I have to play with her?"

"Not unless you want to, dear," Mrs. Burton answered. "But bring me that glass of flowers on the window sill."

Wonderingly Evelyn brought the glass. From it her mother lifted a full-blown California poppy and then a stem on which was a hard little bud. "Which do you think is the prettiest?" she asked.

Evelyn touched the poppy with her pink fingers. "Why—this," she said, "that little old bud isn't pretty at all."

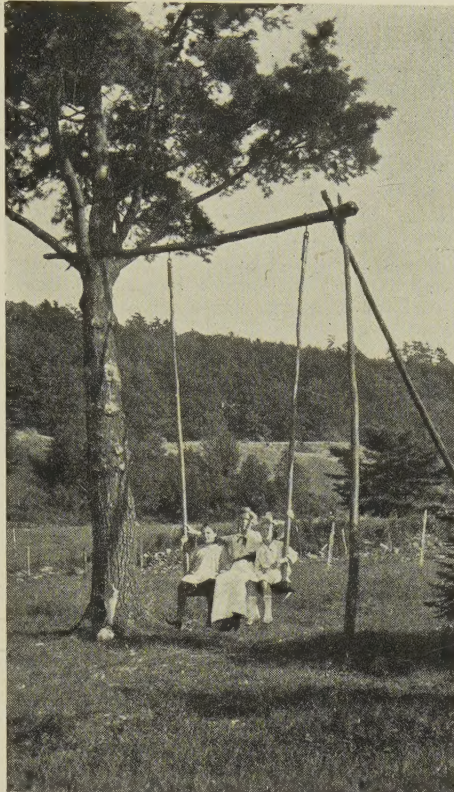
"Yet it holds in its heart another flower like this, all folded and tucked away."

Evelyn glanced at her doubtfully. "You mean that Dotty is a little flower bud?" she asked.

Her mother nodded.

"Then why doesn't she bloom?" Evelyn asked. "Have I bloomed, mother?"

"Yes, into a sweet but rather selfish flower," her mother smiled. "All children are flowers, or buds. Some are not opened yet."



UNDER THE OLD PINE TREE.

"But why doesn't Dotty bloom?"

Mrs. Burton took the flower bud again. "Can this bloom of itself?" she asked.

Evelyn shook her head. "No," she said, "the plant must have the sun and the rain."

"Well?" Mrs. Burton's smile was very queer.

Evelyn puckered up her face. "I don't understand," she said.

"What would the sun be for a little human bud?" her mother asked.

Evelyn's face cleared. "Why, love, of course," she said softly.

"And rain?"

Evelyn hesitated. "Pity?" she said finally.

"Yes. Now think of Dotty. She has been raised on a ranch, a large ranch far from any town. Her father is away for weeks at a time attending to his property and she had no one but a hired nurse, a grim-faced Scotchwoman. Do you think it is any wonder she hasn't bloomed, the little brown-faced human bud?"

Evelyn caught her breath sharply. "I wonder if I could help her to bloom," she said. "Could I?"

"You have the sunshine and rain," her mother smiled, "but there are other things that little plants need. They cannot depend on the sun and rain alone; they must be firmly planted in the good brown earth and through it they get other things needed for the blossoming buds."

"And what are the other things?"

Mrs. Burton shook her head. "You'll have to think those things up for yourself," she said. "Now do you want to run and find Dotty?"

Evelyn nodded eagerly and as eagerly hurried away. She found her cousin still crouched in the window seat where she had left her. She was a strange little figure with downcast eyes and tear-stained cheeks, her brown hair drawn back from her face

with painful tightness. Her clothes were not like Evelyn's—not at all.

But Evelyn crossed the room and put her arms around Dotty.

"Come and see my room," she said as she kissed her. "It's going to be your room, too," she added as she pulled her to her feet.

Dotty followed obediently, but when she saw the dainty little room she exclaimed, "It's just like the woods in spring."

Evelyn stared at her. "Why, what a pretty thought!" she said. "Do you really like it?"

Dotty nodded so vigorously that a stray strand of hair loosened and fell about her face, curling softly about it. "And I like you," she said, lifting her wide brown eyes for the first time. "I didn't think I was going to, you seemed so cold, but now you're as warm—as warm as sunshine."

Evelyn's face shone. "You're blossoming," she cried, and then as she looked around the room a thought struck her. Her mother had said that the plants got things that they needed for the blossoming through the earth in which they had been planted. She had planted Dotty in her room and warmed her with her kind of sunshine, but her mother had said she would have to find out for herself what else was needed.

Suddenly, with a little cry, Evelyn sprang across the room and commenced pulling out drawers. "Take down your hair," she called to Dotty. "I'm going to fix it up like mine. What color do you like best, pink or blue?"

Dotty tugged at her braids. "Pink," she answered.

A wide ribbon of Dresden flashed from the drawer in Evelyn's hands. A few moments later she stood back from her cousin to view her handiwork.

"You look just lovely," she breathed, darting toward her again to adjust the butterfly bow a little. "Now take off everything,—I want to dress you all up in pink and white. I've got plenty of dresses and you're just my size. Here, put on these white stockings and slippers."

An hour later Evelyn opened the door to her mother's room. "She's done it, mother," she cried, as she led a star-eyed, red-cheeked little fairy all in pink and white into the room behind her. "She's blossomed—even to her name—it's really 'Dorothy.' Don't you think she's the loveliest flower you ever saw?"

Dorothy smiled, dimpling delightedly, and Mrs. Burton drew them both into her arms. "I think my little girl has blossomed some, too," she said, "although she does not know it."

## Fun.

Little Elizabeth and her mother were having luncheon together, and the mother who always tried to impress facts upon her young daughter, said:

"These little sardines, Elizabeth, are sometimes eaten by the larger fish."

Elizabeth gazed at the sardines in wonder, and then asked:

"But, mother, how do the large fish get the can open?"

*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

"These mechanical toys are very lifelike."

"How so?"

"Johnny's automobile has run down the cat and knocked the sawdust out of two dolls."





## THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.,  
24 Allerton Street.

Dear Beacon,—Thank you very much for putting my puzzle in the paper. It pleases me a lot to have you do so. How I would like to see you! I was up to Boston for almost three weeks in the spring, but where do you think I could have been? I was in a hospital. While I was there I made up a lot of puzzles and a verse. As every one liked it I am sending it to you and hope you will also like it and put it in your paper. I even try to do as it tells me to, and it would be good for everybody, too.

"Don't trouble trouble until trouble troubles you,  
And always try to be happy whatever you have to do;  
And also try to never get blue  
When mistakes are made and your wishes don't come true."

I hope you will like my verse and puzzle.  
Yours truly,

MILDRED H. LANMAN.

LAKEPORT, N.H.,  
126 Clinton Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. The minister's name is Mr. Hunt. Mrs. Ballou is my teacher's name and she is also the superintendent. I have *The Beacon* every week and I like it very much. I would like very much to be a member of the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,

SHELDON P. DOW.

### The Ready Hands.

BY ADELBERT F. CALDWELL.

BUSY little bodies as one might wish to see,  
Who've never yet been known to reach  
up to a person's knee,  
Are the helpful little Ready Hands, a family  
one should know,  
When a person's worn and weary, and the  
sun is getting low.

Like fairies fair they skip about, seeing  
what's to do,  
And they stay right by the colors till every  
task is through;  
Sometimes they set the table, sometimes they  
bring in wood,—  
To see them scamper here and there just does  
a body good!

They neither frown nor grumble, they're  
always most polite,  
In the morning they rise early, and they serve  
till "candlelight";  
They never say, "I'm tired!" or, "In a little  
while!"  
But, "Here I am; I'm ready!" with a merry  
winsome smile.

One can hardly live without them, these little  
Ready Hands,—  
And everywhere you'll find them, in near and  
distant lands;  
Another family, too, I know—a family just as  
sweet,  
As are the little Ready Hands, and that is  
Willing Feet!



LACONIA, N.H.,  
87 Whipple Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. Our minister's name is Rev. Paul G. Hunt. I read and enjoy *The Beacon* and would like to belong to the Beacon Club. I have a little sister Elisabeth that is three years old who goes to Sunday school too.

Yours sincerely,

HELEN FRENCH.  
(Age 8.)

PETERBOROUGH, N.H.,  
Central Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am eight years old and belong to the Bluebird Club. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school.

My teacher's name is Elizabeth Park.  
I would like to belong to the Beacon Club and have a pin.

I go to school and am in the fourth grade.

Yours truly,

DOROTHY EMMES.

BRANT ROCK, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I heard that one of my friends wrote to you. Her name was Clara Brown. I am twelve years old. My Sunday school teacher's name is Miss Julia Peterson. We all like her very much. The minister's name is Mr. Mason. We like him too. I have never seen a letter from Brant Rock before, except my friend's. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy the enigmas. I cannot always make them out. I would like to belong to the Beacon Club and wear a button.

LILLIAN F. CARVER.

### October.

THE month of carnival of all the year,  
When nature lets the wild earth go her  
way

And spend whole seasons on a single day.  
The springtide holds her white and purple  
dear;

October, lavish, flaunts them far and near;  
The summer charily her reds doth lay  
Like jewels on her costliest array;  
October, scornful, burns them on a bier.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

### Songs for Little People.

*Children's Songs of City Life.* Words by Anna Phillips Lee. Music by Sidney Dorlon Lowe. The A. S. Barnes Company, New York and Chicago. Price \$1.00.

HERE is a collection of songs for Kindergarten children which aim to interpret to the city child the touches of beauty and the stir of life which are all about him. The glimpses of nature are those which the city dweller may see and know,—the maple and elm tree, clouds sailing over the housetops, neighborly birds, and Mister Wind. The children sing, too, of the parade, the postman, the building of a house, and the grocery store. The writer of the words of the songs is not unknown to *Beacon* readers, for her stories and verse appear in its pages, and one of these songs first saw the light in its columns. The music gives excellent interpretation of the words. The book will make a place for itself in kindergartens, and parents will find it a useful collection for the home.

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA VII.

I am composed of 18 letters.  
My 1, 6, 17, 7, is not cool.  
My 8, 10, 14, is that which comes from trees.  
My 16, 7, is a form of the verb *be*.  
My 9, 18, 17, is a simple personal pronoun.  
My 13, 9, 2, 14, is a vessel.  
My 3, 5, 7, 14, is a lame walk.  
My 12, 4, 11, is a quadruped animal of the deer family.  
My 11, 5, 3, 4, is what wild animals do.  
My 15, 6, 17, is a hearing organ.  
My *whole* is the name of a dramatist.

ELIZABETH PETTENGILL.

### ENIGMA VIII.

I am composed of 17 letters.  
My 13, 15, 16, is something we should avoid.  
My 3, 5, 6, 7, is a trip.  
My 12, 9, 10, 14, 3, means close together.  
My 11, 15, 10, 11, means not low.  
My 1, 2, 3, 12, 17, 7, is a paper.  
My 4, 5, 6, 7, is a pronoun.  
My 8, 9, 10, 14, 12, is brightness.  
My *whole* is a motto.

MAE MERRILL.

### ENIGMA IX.

I am composed of 13 letters.  
My 4, 10, 8, is a part of the body.  
My 7, 2, 9, 3, 13, is a number.  
My 12, 3, 11, 1, make a piece of American money.  
My 6, 5, 4, is a name for the sun.  
My *whole* is a very interesting story that appeared in *St. Nicholas* last year and is now in book form.

JEANNETTE L. CURTIS.

### CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is the letter "B" like hot fire?
2. Why is a book like a king?

DOROTHY AND MARION DE COSTER.

### WORD SQUARE.

My *first* carries news to young and old,  
My *second*, a year, which one we're not told;  
You put things within, then you name my *third*.  
My *fourth* says, "Behold!" Can you not see the word?

Youth's Companion.

### FRUIT PL.

What are the names of the fruits, which look odd here, when the letters are correctly arranged?

1. Cheap. 2. One rag. 3. One great map. 4. Nice N. E. Art. 5. N. E. Granite. 6. Perry bars. 7. Mile. 8. Penal pipe. 9. Toot, ma!

The Wellspring.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 2.

ENIGMA III.—The Glacier National Park.

ENIGMA IV.—Tales of a Wayside Inn.

CHARADES.—I. Shamrock. II. Season.

IN SUMMER.—Duck.

SIX HIDDEN TREES.—Peach, fir, pear, plum, elm, pine.

## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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